The Ruin'd Virgin's

GARLAND,

In TWO PARTS.

PART I. The ruin'd Virgin's Complaint; ſhewing her moſt pitiful Lamentation, and the young man's cruelty.

PART II. How the young man relenting of what he had done, went in ſearch after his Sweetheart, and found her murdered; upon which he drew his ſword and ſtabb'd himſelf.

The ruin'd Virgin's GARLAND, &c.

PART I.

The ruin'd Virgin's Complaint; shewing her most pitiful Lamentation; and the young Man's Cruelty.

YOU Pretty Maidens all, I pray give Ear
Unto my Downfal, which I declare:
Of Parentage I am,
Near to a Gentleman,
As some now witness can, the Date of Year.

At fourteen Years of Age with grief I tell,
Many a young man fair loved me well;
I being childish young,
Believ'd a flattering Tongue,
And fixed my mind upon a brisk young man.

He said, if I'd not yield with him to dwell,
He would go hang himself whate'er befel;
He wrung and tore his Hair,
And bittorly did swear,
His Sword should end his care before me then.

I hearing what he said, grieved me sore,
I took him for my friend, and not for my foe;
Young Man, said I, forbear,
I pray let go your hair,
I'll ease you of your care and be your Bride.

Oh! how he jump'd for joy before me then,
My love and only joy, happy's the man.
He kindly me embrac'd,
And hung about my waiſt,
And then my love I plac'd on this young man.

For two months ſpace or more he courted me
Day by day, night by night, he courted me,
He let me take no reſt,
I muſt ſleep on his breaſt,
And then my love I plac'd on this young man.

The appointed day was ſet we were to wed,
But firſt of all he ſtole my maidenhead:
My parents did not know,
I lov'd this young man ſo,
Which prov'd my overthrow, ruin'd me quite.

When I with child did prove, and him had told
He call'd me twenty whores brazen and bold,
I know you not ſays he,
Therefore begone from me,
This prov'd my miſery, his love was cold.

I was aſham'd to ſtay where I was known,
For ſtraightway I went from my own home;
I wander'd up and down,
From ſeaport town to town,
Till in travail I fell down in the highway.

Then taken up I was by woman kind,
Whoſe friendſhip they did ſhew, nature did bind,

Deliver'd was I there,
Of two fine Babies fair,
Which cauſed me much care, be warn'd by me.

Was ever damſel ſo unfortunate,
As I have been for love my grief is great,
No comfort can I find,
To eaſe a careful mind,
Since he is ſo unkind who wronged me.

My friends and Parents dear, alas! I left,
To wander far and near, ſadly bereft,
Of joy and comfort too,
Falſe friend! farewell, adieu,
In ſorrow here I rue my wretched ſtate.

My Infants being born, as I am told,
I then endur'd the ſcorn of young and old;
For they derided me,
In that ſad Miſery,
No comfort could I ſee to end my care.

With my ſweet ſmiling ſon and daughter dear,
To my falſe love I run, when I drew near,
With heart of heavineſs,
Theſe words I did expreſs,
My wrongs I pray redreſs, and pity me.

I laid before him then my grief and care,
And likewiſe told to him in ſad deſpair,
I wander'd to and fro,
In ſorrow, grief and woe,
And knew not where to go to hide my ſhame.

Thoſe Infants at my breaſt by you I have,
And were they richly dreſs'd they'd be as brave
As ever ſun ſhin'd on;
Then hear my piteous moan,
And for their ſakes alone, love, pity me.

When I had ended thus my mournful tale,
With a moſt heavy curſe he began to rail,
Striking me ſuch a blow,
Which laid me ſprawling low,
With grief my eyes did flow, my heart was full.

PART II.

How the young Man, relenting of what he had done; went in ſearch after his Sweetheart, and found her murdered; At which ſight he drew his ſword, and ſtabb'd himſelf.

MY little Infants cry'd while I was down,
Here was my patience try'd, for in the town
That night I might not ſtay,
But was compell'd away,
I knew not what to ſay, but wept full ſore.

In the town where he dwelt I was not known
Therefore their rage I felt, for he alone,
Hir'd near forty more,
Who did abuſe me ſore,
Never was ſoul before uſed like me.

They drove me out of town, few friends I ſaw,
My bed before of down that night was ſtraw;
My Infants by my ſide,
With bitter bruiſes cry'd,
And the next day they dy'd, though to my grief.

Sweet virgins fair and young, take heed I pray
Let no deluding tongue lead you aſtray;
Leſt you my griefs behold,
Which have been manifold,
Hot love is ſooneſt cold, I know 'tis true.

As he laid on his bed that very night,
Strange thoughts run in his head, did him affright
He dream'd his love he ſaw,
In ſad Extremity,
So the next morning he bitterly cry'd,

I am that wretched man, who broke my vow,
No mortal can pity me;
Bathed in tears I lie,
Accurs'd with Perjury,
Oh! whither ſhall I fly to eaſe my grief?

No youthful lady fair, for beauty bright,
Could with my love compare, though I did ſlight,
Her lamentation ſo,
Cauſing her eyes to flow,
In bitter grief and woe, when in diſtreſs.

My conſcience and my friends fly in my face,
How ſhall I make amends for this diſgrace,
Which I did bring her to,

When from her friends ſhe flew,
My ſorrows did renew, both night and day.

Why did I ſtrike her down with blows ſevere?
Why did I raiſe the town to wrong my dear?
When ſhe her moan did make,
For her young Infants ſake,
With grief my heart will break for what I've done.

I'll ſearch the nation round both night and day,
As if ſhe may be found without delay,
I will her pardon crave,
Which if I may not have,
I'll ſeek a ſilent grave and lay me down.

O'er hills and dales he went, thro' groves he paſs'd
To ſeek his hearts content, and came at laſt,
Near to a River-ſide
Where ſilver ſtreams did glide,
His love he there eſpy'd bleeding to death.

Cloſe by her ſide he found theſe verſes writ,
"Myſelf did give the wound that I might quit
"My life of care and grief,
"Since there was no Relief,
"Worſe than a cruel thief my love has prov'd."

Like one diſtracted then his hair he tore,
And often kiſſed her when bath'd in gore:
Crying out as he lay,
"This is a diſmal day,
"Alas! what ſhall I ſay, I am the cauſe.

"What ſhall I think of this which I have done?
Then he her lips did kiſs, ſo pale and wan;
In ſorrow compaſs'd round,
Kneeling upon the ground,
He bath'd her bleeding wound with flowing tears.

He many ſighs did fetch, crying again,
"None but a cruel wretch as I have been,
"E'er could have ſerv'd thee ſo,
"For to my grief I know,
"I wrought the overthrow, and ruin'd thee.

"Has death no fatal dart that he will give,
"To pierce my cruel heart, why ſhould I live?
"Why ſhould I here remain,
"Since my true love is ſlain;
"Oh! eaſe me of my pain, and let me die.

"I'il go to the neareſt way now to my dear,
"I will no longer ſtay to languiſh here."
This ſaid his ſword he drew,
And ran it through and through,
So bid the world adieu and down he fell.

You loyal lovers all take notice I pray,
See you a conſcience make and don't betray.
Any poor harmleſs love,
Leſt you their ruin prove,
For there's a power above will find you out.

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